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dren, the establishment of a *domestic menagerie*, for the care of this would be extremely troublesome, and occupy time which should be spent to far better purpose; nor do I recommend the keeping of useless pets of any kind, my object being merely to point out, by actual exemplification, what the benevolent *principle*, systematically exercised, can produce even under the most adverse circumstances. On what are called pets, such as lapdogs and parrots, much warm, kind feeling is often unprofitably bestowed. When *PONTO* dies of plethora, or *POLL* from cold or infirmity, sensibilities are sometimes called forth, which would not flow from the contemplation of human sufferings. The servant who is daily employed to wash and comb the dog, is perhaps never sent upon an errand of mercy to any of the distressed families around the mistress, and a wayworn group of children may unavailingly solicit the luxurious food which is placed before the pampered *pet*, without shame or scruple.

I do not intend to maintain the pet *system* in general; it is the principle of humanity which I seek, not that mawkish sensibility which causes so many to weep at the dramatic exhibition of fictitious woe, who would not drop one tear of sympathy for real misery, divested, as in the scenes of every-day life, of the embellishments and romantic adjuncts which false sentiment delights in. We all, it is true, require some especial objects of endearment, something on which the feelings of the heart may find expansion, else we become cold, selfish, and very disagreeable to every one. In childhood, therefore, the disposition to love even the domestic animals born for our use, should be sedulously fostered, but not to such excess as to weaken the affection for parents, brothers, sisters, or friends. The principle should only be checked, however, in its exuberance, never crushed. In mature years the affections should have the highest objects, and in those instances in which the Creator has denied the gift of offspring to us, I would respectfully suggest to those who desire pets, the adoption of an orphan or two, whom they may train both for earth and heaven, in preference to any other perishable idols.

LAGHT-E-OURIA.

"The longest way round is often the shortest way home."—*Old Proverb.*

I WAS not more than eight or nine years old when the following anecdote was related to me by the actor or sufferer, whichever he might be called, himself. He was a fine stately old gentleman. His family had once been powerful; but in the troubles with which the page of Ireland's history is filled and darkened, they had been reduced, and he, fleeced by a treacherous guardian of the last remnant of the property, had been compelled to accept the influence of friends in procuring him a commission in the civil service (for in war he would not serve them) of a government which he loathed.

He was of a stern and rather gloomy disposition, and rarely condescended to social or pleasant conversation, much less to notice children; but sometimes the genial fire within would thaw the icy surface, and diffuse life and light around. The bow could not be kept ever bent: the garrison was too feeble to keep constant watch and ward, and a view would be sometimes gained, through an open door, of a heart fitted by nature to give and receive all sublunary happiness. I heard his history long after his career had closed. But it has nothing to do with the present story—another time for it.

I had been playing marbles with my cousin and playfellows; we quarrelled, and were proceeding to blows, when Mr M——, who was sitting, unobserved by us, on a stone bench, and had witnessed our dispute, called to us both to approach him. He took one on each knee, and looking alternately at us, said, in a tone so mild and different from his usual harsh commanding voice, that we could scarcely think it was the same man who spoke, "Boys, beware of sudden ungovernable passion; under its influence you might commit, in one moment, an act which would embitter, with remorse and vain regret, all your subsequent life.

When a young man, I once suffered so keenly the consequence of my ungovernable temper, that were I to live a thousand years, I could not forget it. I see that your curiosity is excited, and you would like to hear the circumstance; but it is connected with a ghost story, and I must tell you all." "Oh! do, Mr M——," said I, "for papa says there are no such things as ghosts or fairies, and nurse says there are; and nurse never tells lies, and certainly papa would not, and I do not know

what to think between them." "Well," said he, "I shall tell you the story, and it will help you to form your judgment.

From the high road between Cork and Cloyne, and about three miles from the latter, a small by-road, or 'borheen,' branches off. It is of very ancient date, belonging to times when men were guided by the position of the sun during the day, and the stars at night, and when, consequently, their track lay over mountain and hollow, through wood and bog, as the avoidance of impediments (except to a very short distance) would have thrown them quite out of their reckoning, and toil was much less regarded then than in these degenerate days. The road by Laght-e-Ouria is decidedly a shorter way to Cloyne than the high road from which it diverges; but a saying has arisen since it was made, 'the longest way round is the shortest way home,' that has been so often used as a conclusion to a debate upon 'which of the roads should be taken,' that the wisdom of our ancestors is voted folly, and their ways are no longer trodden.

Other reasons than the unevenness of its surface are however not wanting, and many a headstrong drunken farmer, upon whom all other argument had been tried in vain, has been induced to turn his horse's head to the new road, by the soft voice of the 'Vanitha' whispering in his ear that 'it would be midnight ere they passed Laght-e-Ouria.'

Laght, in Irish, signifies a heap of stones, and it is customary in Ireland, wherever a murder has been committed, for every passer-by to throw a stone upon the spot. A heap, or 'laght,' is thus soon formed, and it receives the cognomen of the unfortunate individual whose untimely end it commemorates.

In the beginning of the month of October 1775, when residing in Cork, I received a note from the Earl of Inchiquin, desiring me to meet him at Cloyne between five and six o'clock on the following morning, on most pressing and important business. I immediately ordered my horse, determining to dine with a particular friend who resided about half way, to jog quietly on in the evening, and have, what I always relished, a night's repose on the spot where my morning's business awaited me.

Mr Ahern was one of a class well known in the south as 'gentlemen farmers,' being mostly reduced gentlemen who farmed a portion of the grounds that once belonged to their ancestors, in many instances to themselves.

Hospitality, the virtue they most prided themselves upon, they carried to a fault; and my friend Ahern, in common with the rest, made it a rule, without an exception, that a bottle either of wine or whisky once opened, should be finished on the spot. Upon this occasion, however, I felt it necessary to demur. The last bottle of whisky having been opened without my consent, and feeling that, although I was still capable of proceeding on my journey, the half of what remained would put it completely out of the question, I positively refused to take another drop except the 'Dhuch-an-dhurrish,' or parting glass, and resisting all his importunities to stay the night, not relishing a ride of a dark morning, I took my departure about an hour before midnight.

I never was a believer in ghosts or fairies, or any class of idle, mischievous, disembodied creatures; but upon this occasion, whether from melancholy or loneliness, or the darkness, which was so intense as to force me to proceed very slowly, or from my friend's stirrup-cup having slightly obnubilated my reasoning faculties without producing the usual valour, I know not. Certain it is, I did not feel comfortable, and wished most fervently for just as much light as would enable me to urge my horse forward at a quicker pace, but the more I wished for light the darker it became, until my eyes ached in endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

A row of tall trees ran along at each side of the road, and nearly met at top, and the fitful breeze just agitating the leaves, or occasionally moving the branches so as to cause a low, moaning, creaking noise, jarred my nerves, and made me feel still more and more unpleasant. At length, when I had arrived at an intolerable pitch of nervous excitement, the darkness became less intense, and I could just distinguish a breach in the row of trees upon the right, which marked the locality of the 'laght.' Taking advantage of the opportunity, I pressed my horse. He seemed to have become as nervous as myself, for he answered to the slight touch of the spur with a loud snort and a violent spring, which I considered so totally uncalled for, as to give me a very fair excuse for being in a passion, and venting my irritability, which I proceeded to do with my whip, as giving my muscles more action than

the spur; but instead of plunging along at a mad gallop, as I expected, my horse reared, and turning sharply round, attempted a flight back. Again and again I turned his head to the road, but onward he would not go; this was very strange, for he never shied or started. At length I tried the soothing system; for I must confess that the general belief that horses see what is hidden from the eyes of man, occurred to me, and I coaxed and patted him, and spoke gently and encouragingly to him, but he kept sidling, and tramping, attempting to turn, and answering every word or pat with a long snore, whilst I could perceive by his forward pricked ears and the direction of his head, that his eyes were rivetted upon the heap of stones. Whilst thus engaged, and having somewhat quieted his terror, I heard a sound like the rattling of chains. Round and away with Rainbow. I brought him up again nearer than before. Again the chains clanked, and I could distinctly hear that they were chains, ere my horse bolted and ran again. 'The third time,' said I, 'contains a charm, they say; and, man or devil, ghost or fairy, I'll overhaul you. Who's there?' No answer. 'Who's there?' Clank, clank, went the chains. I could see nothing. The perspiration was running down my face, but I was furious. 'By the hand of my grandfather, if you do not answer me, I'll go to you, and whilst sinew and whalebone last, you shall feel the butt of a loaded whip. Who are you?' Again the chains clanked, and my horse would not consent to keep such company any longer. I dismounted, and, taking him a few paces back, tied him to a tree, and returned on foot to the spot.

Behind the trees was a deep trench partly filled with water; a hawthorn hedge grew at the farther side, and threw its branches nearly across. As I approached the 'laght,' the rattling of the chains again rose, accompanied by a plashing, scrambling noise, as of something breaking through the hedge and trench. I sprang forward, striking with the heavy handle of my whip, having twisted the thong firmly round my hand and wrist. I had only beaten air, but the violence of the blow and weight of the whip carried me forward; and, missing my footing in the darkness, I fell against, or rather upon, the monster of the chains; and having made a furious grasp to save myself, judge what was my horror at catching a handful of hair, such as might be expected to be felt upon an arctic bear! The creature slipped from me, and with a tremendous plunge and frightful rattling of its chains, gained the road, overwhelming me completely in the muddy ditch.

Just at that instant the whole truth flashed across my mind; and with a vengeful rage that I am ashamed to confess, I sprang up, and pursuing my unfortunate victim, a jackass, who could make but little exertion to escape, being spancelled with a piece of an iron chain, I kept my oath, by belabouring poor Neddy until I could strike no more from exhaustion. I then turned to remount my horse; but he was gone, having left the principal portion of his bridle hanging on the bough for a keepsake. Nothing saved Neddy from a second edition, with considerable additions, but the recollection of the hour, the necessity of catching my horse, and the confounded distance I should have to travel afterwards, for he was, of course, gone the wrong way.

I ran as fast as I could, but was soon obliged to pull up. I found that I was carrying weight, and no light weight, for my clothes were saturated with water, and covered thickly with mud. Having scraped off as much as I could of the latter, I got along, and about two o'clock reached my friend's house again, entertaining a faint hope that Rainbow had returned to the last stall he had occupied; and so he had.

Not finding the gate open, he had jumped the road fence, and was quietly grazing with two or three other horses. There was now light enough to distinguish objects at a hundred yards; and I could see his saddle, but how to catch him was now the question, for he had at all times a propensity to keep his liberty when he had got it; and to think of catching him without help was idle. I approached the house, but just then recollected that my friend had a couple of dangerous mastiff dogs, of extraordinary size and ferocity; and as the entrance to the front of the house lay through the farm-yard, in which they were kept, it would be as much as my life was worth to approach it. My only chance was to get at the rear; and having made the circuit of a few fields, I reached it, and, selecting a window likely to belong to some sleeping apartment on the ground floor, I tapped at it with the butt of my whip. Receiving no answer, I repeated the knock, and placing my head close, heard a female voice exclaim, 'Marcy save us, it's the boys;' and the speaker hurried barefooted

from the room. I knew that the only female inmate of the house was the daughter of an old follower of the family, now called 'the servant man;' for Pat or Paddy fulfilled the manifold duties of butler, footman, gardener, and valet, besides taking a hand at every thing about the farm in turn.

Whilst considering whether or not I should knock again, I had the satisfaction to see, by the still increasing light, that the shutter of an upper window was cautiously opened; then the window was gently raised; and I waited for the appearance of a head to announce myself, when a bright flash issued forth, accompanied by a tremendous report. Away went my hat; and at the same instant the dogs opened, not barking, but with yells upon yells, as if Pandemonium was let loose. 'Ahern! Ahern!' I roared out, 'what are you at?' 'Tis I—don't you know me?—M—— My horse has run away; he's in your field, and I want help to catch him.' I bellowed this at the top of my voice, in the vain endeavour to drown the 'bow-wow-oo-oo-oo-oo' of the dogs. The answer I received was, 'You to (hiccup) blazes (hiccup); here's at you again, you villains.' I threw myself down as my quondam kind host discharged a second blunderbuss at me; but was instantly on my legs again, as the roaring of the dogs announced their rapid approach. They had in some manner got out of the yard. I glanced hurriedly round for some place of shelter. A large arbutus tree was the nearest object, and into it I scrambled, just as the dogs appeared in full career upon the field.

They made repeated springs at me, for I was not above eight feet from the ground, but I contrived, by well-aimed kicks in the jaws, to keep them at bay for a while. I was thus pleasantly engaged for about five minutes, when Ahern and four or five men made their appearance. He carried a blunderbuss in his hand, another tucked under his arm, and a brace of holster pistols stuck in his waistband. His old servant had the master's fowling-piece, and the rest, who were farm servants, had pitchforks.

As soon as I espied them, I roared out, 'Call off the dogs, I'm M——, you stupid drunken rascal.' 'Ho! ho! he's—hic—up in the arbutus.' 'Blur-an-agers, tare-an-taffy, sir, you'll shoot the dogs!' said old Paddy, knocking up the levelled blunderbuss. 'It's Mr M——; don't ye know his voice? Down, Fin—down, Oscar—down with ye,' and with persuasive words, and still more persuasive blows of the fowling-piece, Pat drew off the dogs, and took them away. I came down in a state of indescribable rage. Nothing vexes a man so much as the consciousness of being an object of mirth or ridicule.

Having paused awhile for words, I poured forth a torrent of abuse on Ahern. He hiccupped once or twice, looked with the most stupid astonishment at me, and, when I paused for breath, 'damned me but it would have been due to me to be shot; firstly, for leaving a Christian habitation at the dead hour of the night; secondly, for going at that hour by a haunted road; and, thirdly, for attempting to get in at a back window of his house, when I well knew that I had only to raise the latch, and walk in at the front door.'

'How the d—— could I get past your infernal dogs?' said I. 'Good dogs always know friends from foes,' he replied; 'but—hic—it was just one of your tricks—you wanted to frighten me, and—ha! ha! ha!—you got frightened yourself, and the devil's cure to you!—hic.' I was beginning again, when he stopped me by saying, 'that if I thought he had taken any advantage of me, matters could be made even; and he produced the holster pistols, saying 'that they were both double loaded; he had charged them himself, and I might have my choice.' In a minute the ground was measured; the men were ordered not to interfere, but stand aside; and Ahern himself asked me if I was ready, and immediately said 'fire!'

Well might he say 'the pistols were double charged;' they were trebly charged—loaded to the muzzles. In fact, it was safer to stand before than behind them. I was stunned by the report, and remained standing, until roused by one of the men asking me 'was I shot?' adding, that 'I had killed the masher.' In an instant the whole impropriety of my conduct flashed before me, and I ran to my poor unfortunate friend, who lay motionless. I knelt down by his side, and never shall I forget the piercing anguish that at that moment penetrated my soul. All his virtues—his amiable qualities—his kind-heartedness—every good action of his life with which I was acquainted, and they were numerous, appeared in order before my mental vision; and then conscience,

shaking the ægis, on which appeared, not the Gorgon's, but my poor friend's blackened countenance, before me, and asking, 'Why did you do this?' froze up my faculties, and converted my outward seeming into stone; but within, there was a foretaste of the eternal torments.

Involuntarily I called upon his name; the sound of my own voice started me, arousing me to a sense of keener anguish; and I was about to break forth into some violent extravagance, when my unfortunate friend opened his eyes, and, looking at me with kindness, said, 'M—, you did not do it; my pistol burst and has hurt me—take me into the house—I'm sober enough now.'

Upon examination it was discovered that a piece of the pistol barrel had hit him above the forehead, cutting a path through his scalp; one of his fingers was broken, and his hand and arm were severely contused, but he seemed to think nothing of it, but desired one of the men to go for old Biddy Hoolaghan, a celebrated doctress, and the rest of them to catch Rainbow. I refused to leave him in his then present condition, of which I was the unlucky cause, but he would not hear of my stopping. 'No, no,' said he, 'your business cannot be neglected; and as to fault, we may divide the matter between us, and bear each his own share. If I did not make the ridiculous rule, that a bottle of whisky once opened should be finished at once, I would not have drunk after you left me, but have gone to bed at once; in which case I'd have known your voice, and all would have been right. And if you were not so lazy as to object to a morning ride (which you must take after all), you'd have staid where you were, and saved all the mischief. But, at all events, remember for the rest of your days that 'the longest way round is often the shortest way home.'

Rainbow was caught at length. Ahern lent me a bridle, and at four o'clock I faced the road again, and arrived at Cloyne, without further adventure, at five, thoroughly soaked with the rain, which commenced heavily soon after my second departure, and for which I was thankful, as it partially cleansed me from the ditch mud, and accounted for my dripping and soiled state when I made my appearance before the earl, which I was obliged to do, without changing my dress, at half past five."

NAISI.

CHARACTER OF O'DONNELL, PRINCE OF TYRCONNELL IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(From the MS. Annals of the Four Masters, translated by Mr O'DONOVAN.)

A.D. 1537. In this year died O'Donnell (Hugh, son of Hugh Roe, who was son of Niall Garve, who was son of Torlogh of the Wine), Lord of Tyrconnell, Inishowen, Kinel-Moen,* Fermanagh, and Lower Connaught; a man to whom rents and tributes had been paid by the people of other territories over which he had acquired dominion and jurisdiction, such as Moylorg, Machaire-Chonnacht, Clann-Conway, Costello, Gallen, Tirawly, and Conmaicne-Cuile, to the west, and Oireacht-UI-Chatthain (the patrimony of O'Kane), the Route, and Clannaboy, to the east; for of all these there was not one territory that had not given him pledges for the payment of his tribute of protection. It was this man who had compelled the four lords who ruled Tyrone in his lifetime, to give him new charters of Inishowen, Kinel-Moen, and Fermanagh, by way of confirmations of the ancient charters which his ancestors had held in proof of their right to govern these countries; and this he had done, in order that he might peaceably enjoy jurisdiction over them, and have authority to summon their forces into the field when he wanted them. Neither in all this is there anything to be wondered at, for never had victory been seen with his enemies—never had he retreated one foot from any army, whether small or numerous; he had been distinguished as an abolisher of evil customs, and a restrainer of evil deeds, a destroyer and banisher of rebels and plunderers, and a rigid enforcer of the Irish laws and ordinances after the strictest and most upright manner; he was a man in whose reign the seasons had been favourable, so that both sea and land had been profusely productive while he continued on the throne;† a man

who had established every person in his country in his rightful hereditary possessions, to the end that no one of them might bear enmity to another; a man who had not suffered the power of the English to come into his country, for he had formed a league of peace and amity with the King of England so soon as he saw that the Irish would not yield the superiority to any one chief or lord among themselves, but that friends and blood relations fiercely contended against one another; and a man who had carefully protected from harm or violation the Termon-lands (or sanctuaries) belonging to the friars, churchmen, poets, and ollaves.

This O'Donnell (Hugh, son of Hugh Roe) died on the 5th of July, in the year of salvation 1537, being Wednesday, in the monastery of Donegall, having first taken upon him the habit of St Francis, having bewailed his crimes and iniquities, and done penance for his sins and transgressions. He was buried in the same monastery, with all the honour and solemnity which were his due; and Magnus O'Donnell was nominated to succeed him in his place by the successors of St Columbkille [viz. the Abbots of Kilmaecrenan, Raphoe, and Derry], with the permission and by the advice of the nobles of Tyrconnell, both lay and ecclesiastical.

THE HARP.

THE harp was the favourite musical instrument, not only of the Irish, but of the Britons and other northern nations, during the middle ages, as is evident from their laws, and from every passage in their history in which there is the least allusion to music. By the laws of Wales, the possession of a harp was one of the three things that were necessary to constitute a gentleman, that is, a freeman; and no person could pretend to that title, unless he had one of those favourite instruments, and could play upon it.

In the same laws, to prevent slaves from pretending to be gentlemen, it was expressly forbidden to teach or to permit them to play upon the harp; and none but the king, the king's musicians, and gentlemen, were allowed to have harps in their possession. A gentleman's harp was not liable to be seized for debt, because the want of it would have degraded him from his rank, and reduced him to a slave.

The harp was in no less estimation and universal use among the Saxons and Danes; those who played upon this instrument were declared gentlemen by law; their persons were esteemed inviolable, and secured from injuries by very severe penalties; they were readily admitted into the highest company, and treated with distinguished marks of respect wherever they appeared.

ANECDOTE OF JEROME DUIGENAN, A HARPER.—Some curious tales are told of Jerome Duigenan, a Leitrim harper, born in the year 1710. One is of so extraordinary a character, that, were it not for the particularity of the details, which savour strongly of an origin in fact, the editor would hesitate to give it publicity. He is, however, persuaded that he has it as it was communicated to O'Neill, between whose time and that of Duigenan there was scarcely room for the invention of a story not substantially true. It is as follows:—"There was a harper," says O'Neill, "before my time, named Jerome Duigenan, not blind, an excellent Greek and Latin scholar, and a charming performer. I have heard numerous anecdotes of him. The one that pleased me most was this. He lived with a Colonel Jones, of Drumshambo, who was one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Leitrim. The colonel, being in Dublin, at the meeting of parliament, met with an English nobleman who had brought over a Welsh harper. When the Welshman had played some tunes before the colonel, which he did very well, the nobleman asked him, had he ever heard so sweet a finger? 'Yes,' replied Jones, 'and that by a man who never wears either linen or woollen.' 'I bet you a hundred guineas,' says the nobleman, 'you can't produce any one to excel my Welshman.' The bet was accordingly made, and Duigenan was written to, to come immediately to Dublin, and bring his harp and dress of *Cauthack* with him; that is, a dress made of beaten rushes, with something like a caddy or plaid of the same stuff. On Duigenan's arrival in Dublin, the colonel acquainted the members with the nature of his bet, and they requested that it might be decided in the House of Commons, before business commenced. The two harpers performed before all the members accordingly, and it was unanimously decided in favour of

* Now the barony of Raphoe.

† Cormac, in his instructions to his son Carbery, tells him that "when a worthy prince reigns, the great God sends favourable seasons." It is worthy of remark that, among the oriental nations, the same notion prevails to the present day; and the poets of the East frequently express their anticipations of favourable weather and abundant harvests upon the accession of a peaceable monarch to the throne.